

# "What Wrecks Marriage—"

By  
Prima Donna  
Farrar's  
Husband



Lou Tellegen's Famous Stage Kiss—Far Too Long to Get by the Film Censors.

NO broken romance has aroused so much amazement and conjecture as that of Geraldine Farrar, one of the loveliest of American prima donnas, and Lou Tellegen, her husband, known as the stage's most perfect lover.

Everyone had supposed that the two were still desperately in love with each other. Not long ago they even had taken a number of intimate pictures showing how apparently happy was their home life. Then recently became known that the prima donna had locked her romantic husband ignominiously out of their house!

Of the causes which led to the separation, which is now making its way toward the divorce courts, Miss Farrar has been silent. Beyond saying that "temper and temperament" were at the bottom of the fuss, Mr. Tellegen has, up to date, remained equally silent. His attorney, Mr. Harry N. Steinfeld, says briefly: "Artists cannot live happily together."

In Mr. Tellegen's extremely interesting dissertation on this page upon what makes marriages happy or unhappy, he prefaces his remarks by saying: "I will not discuss the lady who has been my wife, but—"

Is it logical to infer that so long as Mr. Tellegen's wedded romance has ended, it could not have run along the lines that he indicates would have prevented such romances from ending disastrously? And, also, is it not equally reasonable to infer that the conditions which he points out as disastrous to wedded romance must have entered into his own?

By Lou Tellegen.

(In an interview.)

I WILL not talk of my troubles with the lady who has been my wife. The marriage which was begun so happily is over. There is no reason to believe that the broken match will ever be mended. I will not talk now of the causes for the unhappy break between us, but—

Love, to endure, must be fifty-fifty. That is not a poetic expression. It is commercial. It is the recipe for a happy marriage. Fifty-fifty! Half a hundred meets half a hundred and makes a century of achievement or joy or usefulness. It means give and take equally. Not give all by one and take all by another.

It is not true that artists cannot be happy in marriage. But they must first be human beings. The human relation is the biggest thing in any life. It is bigger than ambition; bigger than a career. It is the greatest thing in the world—the well-balanced, perfect human relation. If it were maintained there would have been no world war, there would be no war in households. There would be no sundried marriages, no fragments of lives, no broken hearts. There cannot be a true human relation where there is an enlarged ego.

I will not talk of the cause of this separation of Miss Farrar and myself, but— The over-large, tumorous ego is a rock upon which the domestic ship is wrecked. The person who has such an ego does not say, "shall we go to the theatre to-night to see So-and-So?" Oh, no! Such a per-

son says, "I have arranged for a box at the theatre to-night. We will see So-and-So."

Poor fifty-fifty, the insurance for success in marriage—what has become of it?

A man wrote something for a newspaper once that hurt me deeply. He said, "Lou Tellegen says he does not know anything about his wife's business! What an admission! He'd better wake up!"

It is true that I did not know anything about my wife's business—but I will not talk of the cause.

To make marriage happy, even endurable, one must take into account sensitiveness. Even if one be not sensitive, one must consider the sensitiveness of others. One must not hurt it beyond healing or forgetting.

Why should not artists be as happy as others in marriage? Because of their temperaments?

There should be no more temperament among artists than among housekeepers or bankers or housemaids. I have seen both exhibit a high degree—or shall I say low degree—of temperament. Ridiculous! The artist should be a gentleman or a gentlewoman—with all those beautiful words imply. Such do not display temper nor fall back upon temperament as an excuse for a vulgar, disturbing display of feeling.

But I must not talk of my own troubles with Miss Farrar—

There may be many happy marriages where there is consideration. At least six of every hundred marriages are successful. It is possible to go through a long life together—faithful, happy, an example to others. You are a pessimist if you say that the strain of life and human nature are too great for the permanently happy marriage. I know a couple, both members of which must be sixty-five, who have borne the strain of forty years together. They are deeply in love and supremely happy.

I went into the kitchen one evening and had to beg their pardon for entering while they kissed each other. With that pair there is no gigantic "I." There was only a modest, beautiful "We."

I have never heard that wife say "I am going to do so-and-so." She says, "I will speak to (let us call him Fred), about it." She never said, "I am going away with some friends this afternoon." She said,

Geraldine Farrar (Mme. Lou Tellegen), as She Looked in the Days When She Was Calling Her Marriage a Triumphant Success.



"Dear, what do you think of an afternoon in the country with So-and-So?" If he said, "I don't care about it. Let us go to a motion picture instead," she said, "Very well. If you don't like it we won't go." But don't think it is on one side. He always consults her, always considers her, always is governed by her wishes. That pair are artists. Successful artists, too. So is Mme. Farrar an artist, but—

Shall I tell you of two great persons who had a long and happy love match? They were Monsieur and Madame Curie. They were in perfect accord. They were humanly, fully happy until he died. They were scientists without those promptings of romance that an artist's work suggests. Cold scientists, so-called, but they loved each other and were happy all of their many years together. And would have gone on loving and making each other happy had they lived to a hundred years. For each considered the feelings of the other.

I will not talk of the shattering of my marriage, but—

The admission of other influences into a home threatens it. The home is for how many? Two. The persons who found it. When others enter it and are consulted about this step of one or that proposition of another strife begins. It is unwise to take counsel with other than your spouse on matters that concern the home. When that is done you wound your mate and surrender your own individuality. There must be no leader in a family. No "boss."

One must cultivate the individual. Ah, yes! But not to the extent of making it an I family. It must be a we household or it fails. Cultivate the individuality, by all means, but let it not be an overpowering, a crushing, smothering power in the home. Let that strength be shown to the persons one week-ends with or whose parties one attends, or in business. Let it be active then lest it weaken and diminish.

Jealousy? I do not account that a fault. It is a part of love. It is the shadow thrown by the substance of love. The man

whose wife is jealous of him should not be angry. He should be complimented. Her jealousy proves that he has not lost her interest, her love. But there are two kinds of jealousy. There are the high and the low. The high jealousy is beautiful. It is protective. It says, "That, my god, my idol, is threatened! I must safeguard him. I who adore him must keep from him all evil things."

But there is a low order of jealousy. It is primitive, hideous, consuming. The person who is afflicted with the fire of suspicion should try to control and suppress it. It is a devouring flame. It is mean and little and destroying.

You will understand that I say nothing about the lady who was my wife, but—

There must be faith in love. In that respect love is like religion. One has not seen the object of worship, but one has faith that He exists. One may not have mathematical proof that the other loves her or him, but one must believe. And our reward is the love we covet.

What is the test of love? It is trying to please the other. When one ceases to do that the love partnership is threatened, as a business partnership would be. Fancy, for instance, two business partners consulting as to what it were best to do for

## "I Will Not Discuss This Lady Who Was My Wife," Says Lou Tellegen — "BUT—"

And Here Is Miss Farrar Surrounded by Intimate Photographs of the Marital Happiness No One Ever Thought Could Fade Away.



the firm. Imagine one of the firm calling in this person or that to join the conference. Is that trying to please the other? Is that consideration? Is it kind? Is it taking into account the sensitiveness of the other?

I will not speak of the collapse of my own lost happiness, but—

When a man and a woman are drawn together by an overmastering attraction they must remember that if they were born and reared in different worlds, with the background of different traditions, they start in the love race, with a handicap!

It is not as though they had grown up together from their childhood—had known each other and were acquainted

with each other's idiosyncrasies as long as they could remember. Sooner or later the difference in point of view will be apparent. Then loving comprehension, loving kindness, tender patience must bridge the chasm

gently, quietly, without any appeal to outsiders.

Reflecting upon your marriage customs—mine, for I, too, am now an American—I can but decide that the doors of the divorce courts are too widely open. You take on your bonds too lightly and drop them too thoughtlessly.

I look at your beautiful young girls. I see them working so hard to attract the male. They dance and preen and smile and wag their eyes. I want to say to them, "My dear young thing, don't work so hard. It is not necessary. Wait for twenty years or more. That will be the time to work. Then you will have to work to be entertaining. Now it is enough simply to look at your dew-bathed youth. Don't hunt the man. You won't need to. He will pursue." Even Bernard Shaw will admit that woman's pursuit of man must be veiled. She might get in his way until he is used to seeing her about and will miss her if she isn't. But he must not be made to say "I can't go anywhere without seeing Mary."

There are three ages of love in the life of a woman, as a philosopher of the heart has said. There is the first age, which revolves about the axis of seventeen. Then a girl has but to be herself. Her youth, the Spring of life, the glory of being young is sufficient allure.

The next age seems to revolve about twenty-eight and the woman who looks twenty-eight. She has caught the male and wants to keep him happy. I would prescribe for her the golden rule of happy marriage. That is consideration.

There is a third age—the Autumn of love's year. That is when a woman is, as you say in this country, "fading." It is a cruel term. D'Annunzio was cruel, too, when he wrote in his Duse-inspired book of his "aging woman" and her "withered skin."

I, who have played many lover roles and have observed the women of many lands and worlds, say to such women, "Don't despair. Charm is greater than beauty."

It is a subtle thing. Don't be a fixed quantity to your husband or lover. Develop new traits and charms. Be subtle if you have been frank. Change the way you wear your hair. Adopt a new color. Or a new modiste. Be vivacious if you have been calm. Change. And the poor male, who is your satellite will think, "What a creature of infinite variety she is. Always something new."

"Ever different!"

Love is so fragile, so delicate, so precious. It is like a gem that must be constantly polished. It must not be cast away in a dust heap of habit, to be forgotten in the press of other things—a friendship, a business, a profession.

I will not talk about my separation from Miss Farrar. Ah, no!

But the ego is a wonderful thing. It is itself, our spirit. It must be fed as a flame is fed. Yet it must not be allowed to grow until it becomes a monster.

A bas le Frankenstein!

"Gerry" and "Lou" About to Start on Their Honeymoon.

which centuries of different living have thrown between them. It is not an unbridgeable chasm. Couples of different nationalities, different upbringing, different standards of living have been superlatively happy. Did not the granddaughter of a Russian Prince? Julia Dent Grant, was it not, who married the Prince Cantacuzene? That was an ideal match. It has stood the strain of nearly twenty years. The conflict of different standards of living will come, but the differences can be adjusted